So much for that: the silent houres steale on,
A flakie darknesse breakes within the East,
In briefe, for so the season bids vs be:
Prepare thy battell early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbiterment
Of bloody strokes and mortall staring warre,
I as I may, that which I would I cannot,
With best aduantage will deceiue the time,
And ayd thee in this doubtfull shocke of armes:
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Least being seene thy tender brother *George*,
Be executed in his fathers sight.
Farewell, the leisure and the fearefull time:
Cuts off the ceremonious vowes of loue,
And ample enterchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sundred friends should dwell vpon
God giue leisure of these rights of loue,
Once more adiew, be valiant and speed well.

Rich. Good Lords conduct him to his regiment:
Ile striue with troubled thoughts to take a nap
Least leaden slumber peise me downe to morrow:
When I should mount with wings of victory:
Once more goodnight kind Lords, and Gentlemen. *Exeunt*
O thou whose captaine I account my selfe,
Looke on my force with thy gracious eyes:
Put in there hands thy brusing Irons of wrath,
That they may crush downe with heauy fall,
The vsurping helmet of our aduersaries,
Make vs thy ministers of chasticement:
That we may praise thee in the victory,
To thee I doe commend my watchfull soule,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes,
Sleeping and waking, oh defend me still,

Enter the ghost of Prince Edward, sonne to Henry the 6,

Ghost to K. Ric. Let me sit heauy on thy soule to morrow,
Thinke how thou stabst me in my prime of youth
At *Tewkesbury*: dispaire and dye.

To *Rich.* Be chearefull *Richmond*, for the wronged soules
Of

Of butchered Princes fight in thy behalfe,
King *Henries* issue *Richmond* comforts thee.

Enter the Ghost of Henry the 6.

Ghost to K. *Richard.* When I was mortall m
By thee was punched full of holes,
Thinke on the Tower, and me; despaire and die
Harry the sixt bids thee despaire and die.

To Rich. Vertuous and holy, be thou conquer
Harry that Prophesied thou shouldst be King
Doth comfort thee in thy sleepe, liue and flouri

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. Let me sit heauy on thy soule to morro
I that was washt to death with fulsome Win
Poore *Clarence* by thy guile betrayd to death
To morrow in the battell thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse sword, despaire and die

To Rich. Thou off-spring of the house of *Lanca*
The wronged heires of *Yorke* do pray for thee,
Good Angels guard thy battell, liue and flouri

Enter the Ghost of Riuers, Gray, Vaughan

Riu. Let me sit heauy on thy soule to morro
Riuers, that died at *Pomfret*, despaire and dye.

Gray. Thinke vpon *Gray*, and let thy soule di

Vaugh. Thinke vpon *Vaughan*, and with guil
Let fall thy launce, despaire and die,

All to *Rich.* Awake and thinke our wrongs in *R*
Will conquer him, awake and win the day.

Enter the Ghost of L. Hastings.

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake,
And in a bloody battell end thy dayes.
Thinke on Lord *Hastings* dispaire and die.

To Rich. Quiet vntroubled soule, awake, awa
Arme, fight and conquer for faire *Englands* sak

Enter the Ghost of two young Princes.

Ghost. Dreame on, thy cousins smothered in th
Let vs be layd within thy bosome *Richard*,
And Weigh thee downe to ruine shame and de
Thy Nephews soules bid thee dispaire and die.

To *Ri.* Sleepe *Richmond* sleepe in peace, and w